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Dr. Derrance

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UNCERTAINTY
a Summer Idyl
He pressed her soft white lilly hand,
He called her lovey, dovey — and
As he watched her lips expand
To say that one word he waited for, — A



Change of base, as well of mind
He deemed at once it best to find,
For, floating by upon the wind,
The words he caught were these —
Sit off that hay!!



VOL. II. AUGUST 9TH, 1883. NO. 32.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

OUR misgivings about the sanity of the Star Route jury have been painfully confirmed. Mr. Dorsey has become a poet.

AN umbrella, an ulster, a fan, a pair of overshoes, a life-preserver, two ear muffs and a seersucker suit are included in every careful citizen's luggage during the present season.

THAT the Brooklyn police succeeded in arresting a croquet player in the very act Thursday, proves that justice is not so blind as she is reported to be.

IS George Hoadly mindful of the duties of an advanced picket in this important strife?—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Certainly he is, brother Watterson. George knows that a picket's duty is to stick to the fence.

THE vacant sale of articles found by the police in this city during the past year, showed up the excellent proportion of four hundred and twenty revolvers to two Bibles. This shows how popular prejudice runs.

LIGHTNING struck Mr. Henry M. Burt on Mt. Washington last week but inflicted no injury. Mr. Burt happened to be an editor.

MISS CHRISTINE NILSSON told Mr. Henry Irving recently that if he desired to produce an impression in America he must learn the banjo. August 2nd the important news was cabled across that Mr. Irving had acted upon the advice. August 4th it was noticed on 'Change that there was a feverish demand for buckshot and breech-loading guns. These are singular coincidences.

THE German Government has strictly prohibited the importation of American hogs. Mr. Hubert O'Thompson will make a brief tour through England, France and Italy.

THE Western Union is offering great inducements to penniless French girls who are desirous of making dots. The Republican party must go.

THE accuracy with which our great daily contemporaries chronicle events in this city is among the wonders of the age. A man attacked a woman with a pistol at 3 o'clock last Thursday morning on Carmine street. Friday morning every journal in the city contained the thrilling news, with but these trifling variations. The *New York Times* narrated how "Joseph Dias," a "Cuban Negro," shot at "Marcia Marthona," but says her only wound was caused by a "blunt instrument." The *New York Sun* said that Joseph "Diaz" shot Mrs. "Marthone," a "mulato"; and she received "four bullets in her head." The *New York World* alleged that Diaz shot Mrs. "Monsonie," "two bullets inflicting serious wounds in her head." The *New York Herald* supported the two bullets statement but claimed that it was Mrs. "Marthoni" who was shot. Finally, the *New York Tribune* said that Mrs. Marthoni had received "four bullets through the head," and that one of the wounds was "dangerous."

THE wily Mr. Gould has aborted the necessity for a postal telegraph by directing the Western Union to forward its dispatches by mail. The Democrats must go.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Mr. Herbert Slade announced by poster that they would spar with soft gloves "on their merits," but each tried Monday evening to spar on the other's nose. Mr. Dana must go.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary the *New York Times* cruelly misjudges Mr. Gould's use of small boys in important Western Union offices. Mr. Gould is a philanthropist. He wants the boys to grow up with the business.

IT was a poker party in Thompson Street and a big jack pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out and the bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer yo' rise dat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams. "Nebber yo' mine—yo' call, ef yo' is n't 'fraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus sullenly. "I won't call! I rise yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebrae were ascending. "I rise yo' ag'in," retorted Gus. And so they went at each other until chips, money and collateral were gone. Mr. Williams concluded to call: "What yo' got, nigger, dat yo' do all dat risin' on? What yo' got, nohow?" Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to size up the pot. "No, dat's not good?" said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his boot-leg. "What yo' got den?" queried Gus. Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly. "Ise jes' got two jacks an' a razzar." "Dat's good," said Gus. The game then proceeded.



She: YOU ARE SIMPLY A HATEFUL, STUPID, JEALOUS BRUTE!

He: AND NO HUMAN BEING COULD GET ON PEACEABLY WITH YOU!

She: THEN WHY DO YOU TRY IT?

He: THAT'S A HAPPY SUGGESTION!

She: IT IS LUCKY YOU THINK SO, FOR IT IS THE LAST ONE OF ANY KIND YOU WILL EVER RECEIVE FROM ME!

And is this the end of the engagement?

Oh! no, for

FRUITS, SEASONABLE AND UNSEASONABLE.

"World's cruelty is bitter pain,
But pain is not the fruit of pain."

—BROWNING.

APPLE green,
Boy same,
Eating seen,
Walketh lame.

Curleth lower,
Pain immense,
On the floor,
Prostrate, tense.

Papa cometh,
Caneth boy,
Mamma runneth
For a toy.

Telephone call,
For Doctor Screw,
Doctor cometh
P. D. Q.

Brisk confraction,
Urchin hollers,
Hot application,
Fee, three dollars.

ENVOY.

For the children, Heaven sent thee,
Fruits a kind of new Nepenthe.
They'll eschew unripened dummies,
If you cater to their "tummies."
Buy them ripe fruit as you "orter."
"Peaches, all ripe, three quarts for
a quarter."

D. W. H.



*here we see them a few hours later
apparently "friends" again.*

THE Anty-card party point to the sad lack of Treasury funds in Tennessee as a pitiful example of the effects of Polk—er.

IN THE PARK.

BENEATH a crown of blazing lights,
Like stars that pierce the gloomy dark,
All through the mellow summer nights
The lovers linger in the park.

Bathed in a ghostly silver glare,
The pavement shows with every breeze
Sly shadows slipping quickly where
The leaves are kissing in the trees.

Two faces close, while lips repeat
That love each heart with joy receives—
A moment—then they softly meet,
And learn the lesson of the leaves.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE POMPOONIK SUMMER SCHOOL.

POMPOONIK, JULY, 1883.

POMPOONIK has a summer school of Transcendental Science and Ethical and Æsthetical Culture. Beneath the shady elms whose branches interlace over the broad avenue that leads to the University, and on the green pastures of the campus, Prof. Jimjaxon, Ph. D., the president of the school, and his able colleagues, discuss, bare-headed and in flowing togas and chlowys, leading questions in abstruse science and theology. Your correspondent sought the cool and umbrageous enclosure on Friday morning, and in an interview with the Dean, whom he found seated in a rustic chair on the side hill browsing on a copy of Humboldt's "Cosmos," it was ascertained that the idea of starting the school was first conceived by the Dean himself while visiting the Concord school of philosophy.

On Saturday the school opened. Prof. Jimjaxon reclined in the graceful posture of a Greek statue on a dais constructed out of a dry-goods box and a buggy cushion at the south-east end of the grove between a pair of stately pines. Over his head was a light awning of bunting. An open space in the enclosure in front of the platform contained rustic seats and nail-kegs covered with strips of carpet, for those who were not peripatetically inclined, and a bright carpet of green.

A notable feature of this primitive school-room is the absence of books. They who would taste of the Pierian spring that bubbles up to the surface wherever the cane, or Aaron's rod, of a Pompooniik *savant* prods the ground, cram their heads with a richer provender

than encyclopædias and commentaries afford. For it is a school of memory and not of books. Mnemosyne is its tutelary genius. When a student is admitted he is addressed in these words: "O thou purblind groper in the dark; if a ray of light is to penetrate thy skull, burn thy books, light the fires of memory, and search the Sibylline leaves of the soul. On the tablets of thy memory, as in the book that Logistilla presented Astolpho, are all facts from which theories may be inferred."

Saturday's exercises included debates on the following topics: "The Idea of an Idea in Process of Incubation;" "Laplace's Theory Concerning Gravity in the Light of Prof. Wm. Izikslumis's Anti-Newtonian Hypothesis;" "The Pristine Civilization of the Megalithic Age;" "The Fallacy of Euler's System of Calculation by the Calculus;" and "The Nervous System of the Grasshopper." After donning their togas, and affixing their badges, the school repaired to the campus, where Dr. Petekityl opened the debate.

"The idea of an idea," he said, "was inconceivable. What are ideas? He had never seen an idea, nor conceived an idea on any subject—in fact, had no idea what he was talking about." Prof. Izikslumis at once interposed, and, removing his spectacles from his nose, remarked in a high key that Dr. Petekityl was disqualified from taking part in the debate from his own voluntary confession. Ideas, evidently, were not a common property, and ideas of ideas were the secure possession of the diviner sort of men, whose minds were purged with hellebore and excited in the higher modes of thought. His idea of an idea would not tally with Berkeley's (who was a living personification of a false idea), nor with Hobbes' nor with Professor Bain's. An idea of an idea in incubation could be demonstrated to thinking men as easily as falling off the roof of a barn. Here Prof. Izikslumis proceeded to demonstrate the idea by means of a piece of chalk and blackboard, during which act Prof. Bilfinsh, F. P. U., fell asleep, and Ske-dadd-le, the Egyptologist, caught a black beetle and pressed it in a copy of Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics"—a book he had been using as a chin rest—to preserve for entomological investigation.

The following questions will be debated during the heated term:

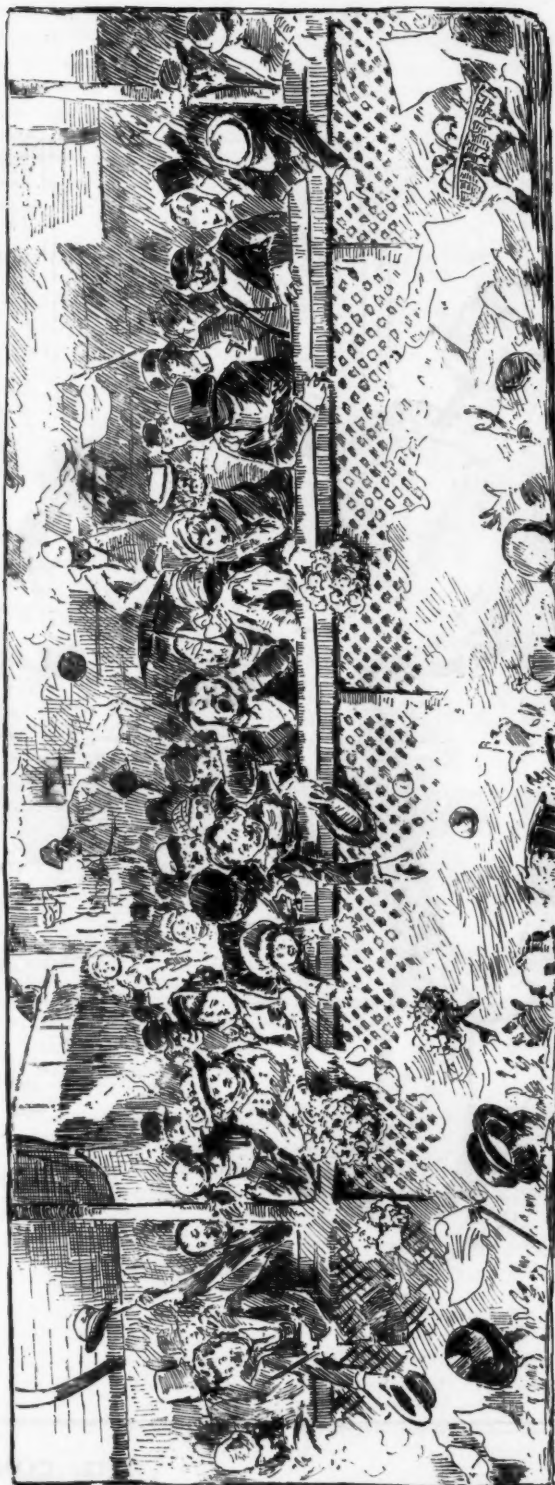
Is it possible to light the dark side of the moon by means of electricity?

In what psychological position does a man find himself, and what are his material surroundings, when, as George Lunt wrote in the "Age of Gold," it may be said of him:

"Contented will thy easy moments fly,
Each thought a wing to light them to the sky!"

Have spiders a system of telegraphy, using an invisible battery concealed in the abdomen, and utilizing their webs as wires?

When a man differs with you, and you agree to disagree, and he, while agreeing with you so far as to disagree, does not agree to agree, does he, in fact, agree or disagree?



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 5.

SHE'S OFF—GOOD BYE.

Is beer-drinking at the rate of a keg a day injurious?

Is love a psychological phenomenon, or has it a physical basis in chemical affinities?

If there is a dietetical significance in certain abnormal states of mind, what had Tennyson eaten when he wrote, "O, Sorrow, wilt thou dwell with me?"

What were Jonah's speculations in the whale's belly?

How long can a man stand on one leg without losing his reason?

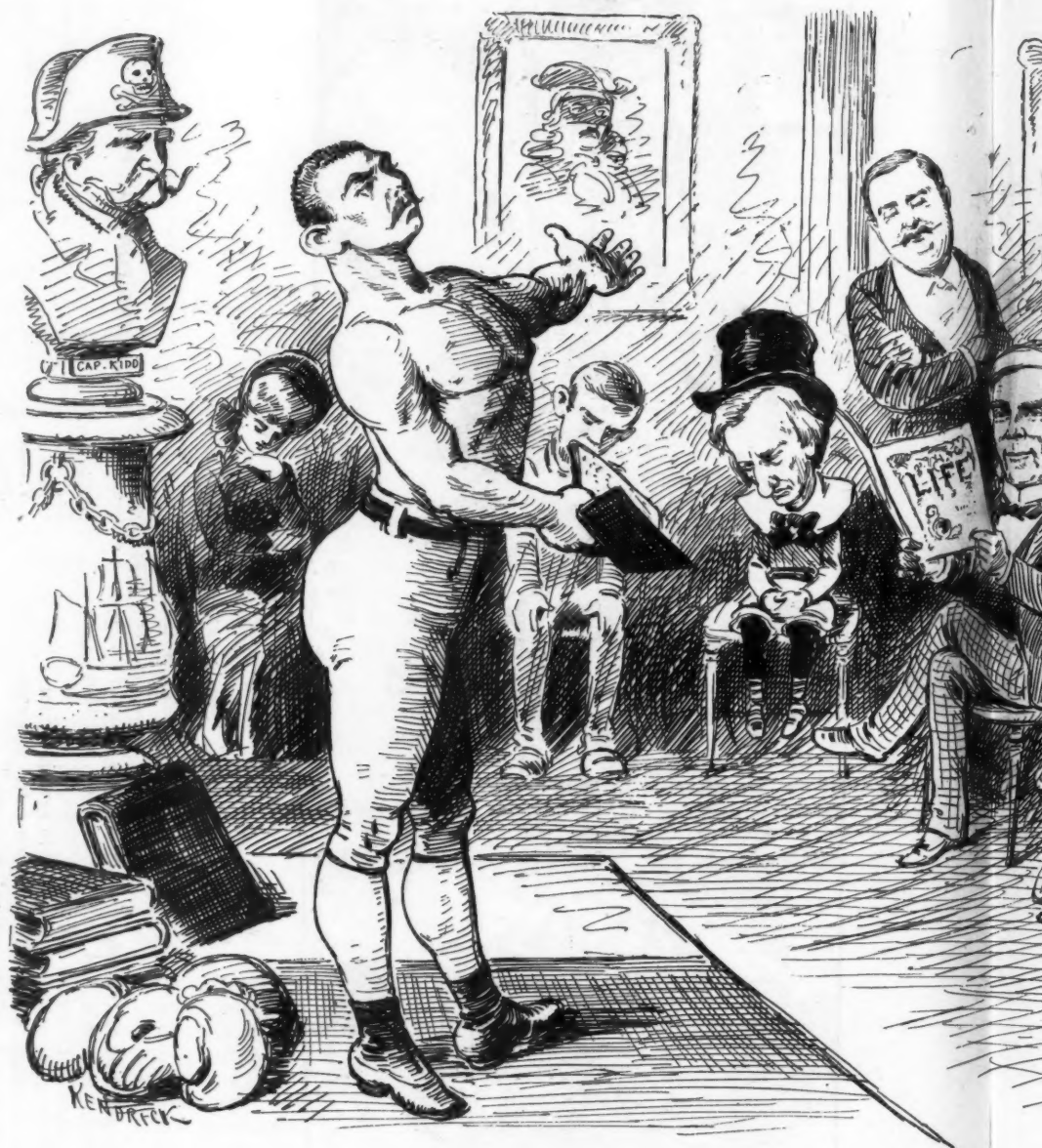
Is domesticity a virtue with a married man addicted to sitting around a stove and smoking cheap tobacco?

How is a twin to establish his identity to the satisfaction of himself and his brother?

H. V. S.

FLOWERS FOR THE PRESS.

<i>Telegram.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Pink.
<i>Truth.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	C. Hall-flower.
<i>Times.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Tribune.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Park Rose.
<i>Sun.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Herald and Presbyter,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Blooming Serious.
<i>Christian at Work</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>New York Observer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Sweet P's.
<i>World.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mourning Glories.
<i>Journal.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Leaks.
<i>Undertakers' Gazette,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Any full-blown flower.
<i>Punch.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	"Call" a.
<i>Plumbers' Gazette,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Sweet William.
<i>Herald.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	J. K. B.
<i>Wall St. News,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-
<i>Harper's Weekly,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-



THE CONCORD SCHOOL

PROFESSOR SULLIVAN READING HIS ESSAY ON



SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

G HIS ESSAY ON "THE THINGNESS OF THE IS."

MY LADY'S GLOVE.

'TIS a *gaut de Suede*, very long wristed,
And the least little bit worse for wear.
Oh, many a time I've assisted
In fitting those eight-buttons there.

Here's a slight rip in one of the fingers,
A rip! Such a commonplace thing;
Yet 't is here that my fondest touch lingers,
For I think it was made by—a ring.

Was it *my* ring which caused the frail stitches
To part in so shameful a way?
My ring, meant for life-wear, but which is
Returned to the giver to-day.

"It was all a mistake," she asserted,
As she gave me the trinket again;
Perhaps so—my taste is perverted,
For I love a mistake now and then.

Shall it end in this lover's slight quarrel?
No, never—our love was too true.
I will wear yet my crown of love's laurel,
As now I am wearing the rue.

Come, courage, heart; don't be dejected,
I will win back again all her love,
And hold fast the hand it protected,
As I hold now her dear little glove.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES.

NEWPORT is the local habitation and name of airy nothings.

"It is a wise father that knows his own child" after he has returned from Europe.

"God made him and therefore let him pass for a man" is supposed to refer to a seventeenth century dude.

A NEW brand of whiskey manufactured in New Jersey is labelled "The choice and master spirit of this age."

THE remark "Out, damned spots! out I say!" inclines one to the belief that Macbeth must have mistaken a trey spot for an ace.

"AN' I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him" is the Bard's labored way of expressing the sentiment, "I have bit off more than I can chew."

"PUT out the light and then—put out the light" is conclusive enough evidence that Othello had acquired the habit of smoking in bed.

FROM Hamlet's remark "There's a divinity that shapes our rends" it is inferred that there must have been a pretty tailoress in the case whom Shakspeare overlooked.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

HE SETTLED.

A TALL, thin man who appeared to be a cross between a "Kenuck" and a Maine wood-sawyer, boarded one of the sound steamers a few evenings since, and after wandering aimlessly about until the boat started, suddenly ran against the colored porter and asked:

"I say, dark, whar kin I git my ticket?"

"Ticket, sah! You jes' go up to the cap'n's office an' settle."

"Thanks," replied our friend. "My name is Josh Hornblower and I came from Niagry Falls, and thanks to that dummed nigger I know jist about as much as I knowed afore! Say, cap," addressing the second officer, whar kin I git a ticket fer Newport?"

"Step up to the captain's office over there and settle."

"Step up ter the cap'n's office and settle, eh? Why that's what that sun-burned cuss said. You're tarnal p'lite on board this year tub. Settle? Wal, I guess I will!"

Very soon, as is usual, a gong was sounded and the Porter was heard to sing, "All those not having tickets will step right up to the cap'n's office and settle!"

"Wal, by gosh!" said Josh, "they're mighty anxious about havin' me step up to the cap's room. Whar is it, anyhow? Oh, yes, I'm precious glad I ain't got no ticket, but how mighty 'commodatin' they are here!"

And so, gathering himself together, our hero walked into the dainty little room set apart for the captain's use, and taking off his coat and shoes he threw himself down on the comfortable lounge in which the captain takes such delight.

Very soon the commander stepped in and seeing the intruder stretched at full length and puffing away on one of his choice cheroots he waxed wroth and, using some Texas language, asked the countryman "who in Oshkosh he was and what in glory he was doing there."

"I'm Josh Hornblower, cap!"

"No! What are you doing here?"

"Doin' here?"

"Yes, doing there!"

"Why, I ain't got no ticket!"

"Well, why in blank do n't you get one? What are you lying there for?"

"I tell ye I ain't got no ticket!"

"What's that got to do with your walking in here as if you were Old Colony himself and helping yourself to my cigars? Perhaps you'd like to borrow my tooth brush?"

"Thanks, cap; mebbe I would. I'll—"

"Now look a here you, I want you to dust! How came you here?"

"Do you own that dark horse up there in the s'loon?"

"Yes!"

"Do you own that coon with a brass band around his hat with Second Ossifer painted onto it?"

"I do."

"Wall they told me to step up to the cap'n's office and settle!"

"Well?"

"I stepped up!"

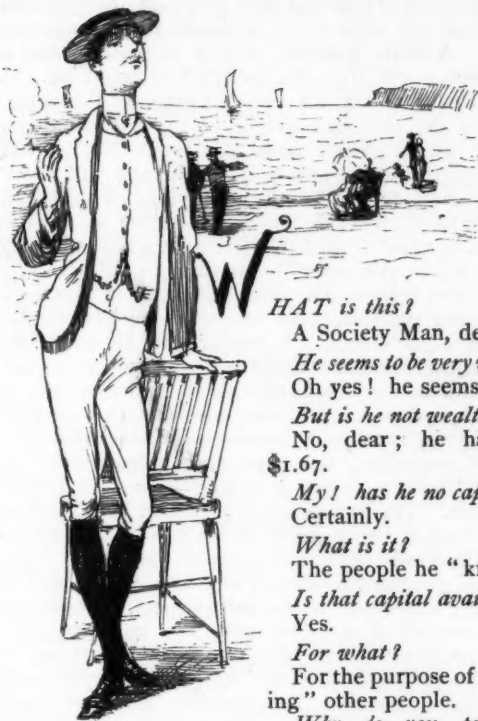
"The deuce you did. What then?"

"Wal, cap, then I settled. Got any whuskey?"

Three minutes later Josh was howling to be set on shore. He says something struck him kinder sudden, but just what, he can't say, there was so much of it. His physician says that the attack was a species of *Bouncerius Deckhandus*. J. K. BANGS.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON X.—The Society Man.



*W*HAT is this?

A Society Man, dear.

He seems to be very wealthy.

Oh yes! he seems so.

But is he not wealthy?

No, dear; he has only \$1.67.

My! has he no capital?

Certainly.

What is it?

The people he "knows."

Is that capital available?

Yes.

For what?

For the purpose of "knowing" other people.

Why do you put those

funny jiggermarigs before and after the word "know?"
To signify its peculiar use.

Why "peculiar?"

Because this society man "knows" people in a way which is "peculiar."

How?

Ask them.

If this society man has no capital but \$1.67 and the people he "knows," how can he afford to dress so well?

Ask his tailor.

My! does n't the poor tailor get his pay?

Oh, yes!

How?

Why he charges his next customer \$90 for a \$45 suit.

Gracious! but how did the society man manage to get the suit?

By "knowing" Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson.

Who are they?

Men who pay the tailor.

Well?

Well, last time Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson ordered a suit, he accompanied them and ordered his.

And the poor tailor thought he was an intimate friend of Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson?

Exactly.

Ah! But has the society man no occupation?

Yes.

What?

Trying to marry.

Whom?

The young girl who drives the English pug.

But if he marries the young girl who drives the English pug, how will he support her?

He will not support her.

Then how will they get along?

She will support him.

Oh! then he will marry a girl with money?

Every time.

But will he contribute nothing towards the expenses of the family?

Oh, yes.

What?

He will buy meat for the pug.

Well! this life of swindling and expectancy is a rather singular life for a gentleman to lead?

No gentleman leads it.

But are not all gentlemen members of society?

Yes.

Then they are society men?

Yes, but—

But what?

All society men are not gentlemen, darling.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

I.

OPTIMISM A LA COLLIER.

TAKE a number of sunny smiles, carefully retaining the teeth. Wash them in living water; this should then be drained into a Yorkshire cullender and poured over them at frequent intervals. Salt well with personal allusions of as intimate a character as possible. Dip them into a well beaten mixture of your wife and children. Fry in bubbling good humor deep enough to float them. They should be of a beautiful rose color in thirty-five minutes. Take them up and dry them in one or two pictorial stories from the Old Testament.

Garnish with a few witticisms and one broad joke, and serve with familiar injunctions to the choir or to any notables present in audience, in a separate dish.

II.

ORTHODOXY A LA PHILIPPE BROOX.

Take one carefully selected idea. Season with liberal thought and a few sprays of fresh feelings. Put the whole into a Unitarian Pudding bag, and sew it up carefully with the threads of the Athanasian Creed. Then immerse the bag in the boiling water of a minority report offered at the Episcopal Conference. On removing the bag be careful to catch the drippings in an Episcopal artifice used for this purpose, which may be served at Vespers in the afternoon. Then take the rapidly cooked mass from the bag, sprinkle with the splatterings of an overflowing heart, and serve with lady-fingers.

CLERICUS.



A FUTURE STATESMAN.

Mamma (trying to untangle a skein of silk that Charlie has tangled): I WONDER WHERE THE END OF THIS SKEIN CAN BE.

Charlie (innocently): PERHAPS THE BABY CHAWED IT OFF.

HINTS TO YOUNG DUELLISTS.

THE young man who is yearning to see his name in head lines, cannot yearn that proud distinction better, in these days, than by trying an appeal to the "Code of Honor." It is one of the easiest and safest avenues to glory. In no other way can he so avenue sense of his importance thrust upon him, and the following suggestions, duelly followed, will insure celebrity for years.

Having selected an eligible party, whose name shall accompany your own in history, you must first provoke a quarrel with him. There are several ways of effecting this. One is, to call your man a liar. The disadvantage of this plan is that he may know your remark to be true, and hence abstain from discussing it. Perhaps the most infallible method is to pull his nose for all it is worth. That may not be much, but then it is all the worth for him. You should take it between your thumb and forefinger, and, after giving it a gentle twist to the right, lean back with it in a graceful atti-

tude. It is not an easy mattitude do this properly. You cannot practise it on your own nose before a glass, and none but your dearest friends would allow you to experiment upon theirs. You should not surge back upon it as if you had hold of a night bell, neither should you toy with it in an ineffective, unmeaning manner. A little practice with a corkscrew and a brandy bottle will give you the spirit of the thing. A great deal depends on the size and shape of the organ, as well as the size and weight of the organ-blower. In some cases a pair of small gas tongs (No. 00) will be of service, and the true son of chivalry will never allow himself to be found unprovided with these. Attention to all these details is imperative, as it must be borne in mind that the fullest description of every incident will be demanded by an anxious public.

When you release his nose, and his head flies back to its proper position, your enemy, if he has the instincts of a gentleman, will tender you his card, observing that a friend of his will wait upon you at dinner. You should accept his card with all courtesy, even if you want nothing in his line, and should wait with proper dignity until your patronage is further solicited.

In the meantime, you must get a friend to act as "second" for you. Not a second should be lost in this matter. The seconds are so called because they are expected to be on hand to the minute. They attend to the really important work of the duel. They select the ground for the picnic, hire the cabs, and furnish the statements to the daily papers. In the old days, a couple of surgeons were also necessary, but modern progress has entirely done away with them.

The choice of weapons lies with you, but you need not hesitate a moment. Broadswords (X calibre) used to be the safest, but they are now considered bad form—bad for many reasons. Besides, they make the broadsword so absurdly narrow in these days that only a living skeleton would feel any degree of safety behind one. You should choose the greensward—and pistols. Pistols are the only proper things, and the "toy" variety is the deadliest of its kind. It's kind of dangerous, but if you wish to be considered in earnest, you must name the latter. You should take the opportunity to examine one carefully, so that you may be able to talk intelligently of it, afterward.

You have now nothing to do but write a few letters (leaving copies at home for the papers), pack a handbag, and set your alarm at 4:15. Your second, if he is a man of any resource, and the reporters, will do all the rest. In the morning, you have simply to jump into your cab with your friend, and slam the door. That is the way with evil doors.

Up to this point there is but one course to follow, but for a happy termination of the affair a certain latitude is allowed, provided you do n't go too far South, and you may exercise your own judgment somewhat. You may either get lost on the way, mistake the rendezvous, get arrested, be persuaded by your friends, in the interest of public morality, to desist from your bloody design, or be carried out to sea in a fog. Any of the fog going will be allowed.

Sometimes, however, by the stupidity of a second,

or some mischance, the hostile parties have stumbled upon one another at early morn. Morn one such instance has been known. Known should lose heart, however, should such an accident befall him. Shut your teeth firmly, to prevent chattering; let them measure off the distance, and prepare the deadly weapons. Take your pistol, and, after assuring yourself that it is not loaded, raise it, and saying playfully, "I will shoo-choo," pull the trigger. If it goes off, you will become doubly famous. If it does not, you can go off yourself, and read in the papers whether you do well, or do ill.

Of course, care should be taken to have your adversary follow the same directions, or a satisfactory settlement could not be assured, and he might shoot you dead at the first fire. In that case, you would deserve it, for allowing yourself to quarrel with such a pig-headed brute.

F. CROSBY.

IL BACIO.

HE held her rosy finger-tips
And swaying nearer, bent his head,
Then pursed his mouth to kiss her lips—
"Ssh—not to-night," was all she said.

"One little kiss, come, Fanny, come,
There is no harm for us, you know;
Just kiss me once and I'll go home—
One little kiss, and then I'll go."

She raised her eyes and looked around,
Then bit her lip—"No, no; I'll not
Kiss you."—"You will, though, I'll be bound,"
He said, and kissed her on the spot.

"Come, go along you horrid thing;
Release my hand, be off, I say.
If it were not so late I'd ring—
You did n't do it, anyway!"

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.



OH, DO THEY?

BOOKISHNESS

"X. Y. Z." is not, as the reader might suppose before he cuts its leaves, the rival of a well-known guide-book. It is a detective story by Miss Green, the author of some good law stories. It fails to excite interest because of its evident improbability. There is an improbability that is delicious, but this is not the sort. Miss Green is not a success in the rôle of a female detective. (*Putnam's*.)

A PRETTY little volume has just been issued by George C. Hitt and Company, containing "The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems," by "Benj. F. Johnson," of Boone. The author is Mr. James Whitcombe Riley, many of whose dainty verses are familiar to the readers of LIFE. In the volume before us Mr. Riley has confined himself to dialect poetry, but the homely music thus struck from his lyre is fresh and quaint and full of sweetness.

AT a time when the opium dens of Mott Street are the subject of discussion in the daily prints, "YOLANDE" (*Harper's*) comes most opportunely. The story of an opium-eating mother and a daughter's expedients to cure her of the habit is not one to interest the average novel reader. We commend it, however, to Wong Chin Foo, the editor of the *Chinese American*.

"TWO DAYS" (*Fords, Howard & Hulbert*) are quite enough. Two more would have driven us crazy. When novels are made up of the loves of children in short clothes it is time for elderly persons of twenty and twenty-five to go on the retired list. The youthful lover divides his time between playing leap-frog, courting and reading Shakspeare, Boswell and Richelieu. Mother Goose would be much better suited to his capacity. The book, though not intended to be so, is a warning to parents to keep their children away from summer hotels. The hero and heroine of this story should have been spanked and sent supperless to their respective beds.

"BACHELOR BLUFF" has donned a summer suit of white with neat brown trimmings and has made himself look a particularly inviting companion for a warm day. The bark of this disputatious individual is worse than his bite. He would have you think that he is a restless iconoclast going about seeking what he may destroy. But he only knocks down for the sake of building up. He likes to air his arguments when he can get hold of a good listener, and if rumor is to be believed he has had so many good listeners that he has had to get out several editions of his "opinions, sentiments and disputations." Mr. O. B. Bunce, who masquerades as Bachelor Bluff, is a terse writer and as epigrammatic as a Frenchman.



THREE OF A KIND.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, says that a number of the friends of John Devoy, editor of the *Irish Nation*, visited him in prison at Blackwell Island, and, on being shown through the institution expressed themselves as "highly pleased." The inference?

A SOUTHERN EX-CONGRESSMAN had his pocket picked on a Macon Train last week, losing \$5000 by the operation. The thief is said to be Macon tracks.

THE QUEENS COUNTY FOX.

IT gives us great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of the drawings of Mr. Thos. A. Edison's automatic, reversible fox, for which letters patent have just been issued. The invention consists of the skin of a real fox, stuffed with anise and caramels, which, by aid of a powerful electro motor, concealed in the hindlegs, will lead the hounds a chase of exactly six miles and then lie down and curl up. A streamer of pulu, in imitation of a real tail, is serewed in appropriately and may be detached and given away as a trophy. The retail price of the animal is \$16, forty extra tails included. Four of these automatic foxes are now used by the Queens County Hunt.

THE POETRY OF THE MILLENIUM.

THE thingness of which
is the whereness of the who;
An old woman lived
with her kids in a shoe.
Multum in parvo,
vox populi Dei;
Walt Whitman's fame
was considered too fly.

Green apples, green peaches
will make the boy sick—
The Lily of Jersey
Must learn how to kick.
The boy who plays hookey
too often at school,
Will think his dad's brogan
the hoof of a mule.

R for an oyster,
all months for a clam,
The day has gone by
for Mary's dude lamb.
In days of the vista
a man was a fool,
Who challenged a like one
to fight him a duel.

A corner in pork
Is a very bad thing,
When the cornerer
feels the relapse of the swing.
Prize fighting eschew,
let the past have its day
Of fisticuffs brutal
and breadbasket play.
If you want to be wise,
remember the adage—
"The days of the old
was considered a bad age."
H. S. KELLER.

REGARDLESS of expense—the
man who can "hang it up."

"Music by the band"—an
organette's.

THIS paragraph is like certain
convicts—"in for LIFE."

TO THE "bitter" end—the
searcher for a cock-tail.

GENEROUS to a fault—the
owner of said fault.

A STANDING "ad"—a cigar-
store Indian.

A DARK horse—the night-
mare.

A KNIGHT of the razor—Sat-
urday night.

THE verge of death—die-
verge.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

"Now, then, witness," said the cross-examining counsel sternly. "does the preceding witness enjoy your entire confidence?" "Great Scott, no! Why, that's my wife."—*San Francisco Post.*

A NEGRO without hair can never be President of the United States. Blackbald candidates are never elected.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

THERE is no hope for the young poet who has his picture taken with a pen in his hand, any more than there is for the man who is photographed playing on the cornet.—*Puck.*

JUDGE RITCHIE of Frederick, Md., has sixteen beautiful and accomplished daughters, only one of whom is married. This is what the French would call an embarrassment. Ritchie's. *Lowell Courier.*

"Who held the pass of the Thermopylae against the Persian host!" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon; he holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

In a horse car the other day, as the conductor approached a young passenger, the little fellow was seen to turn first pale and then red, and when the official held out his hand for the fare, the young sufferer gasped out: "Will you please charge the money to my father, Mr. A. L.—; I've swallowed my money!"—*Boston Courier.*

"WHAT are we going to do with our dead?" asks an excited cremationist. Be calm, man. We can get along well enough with our dead. They won't trouble us. They are good and quiet enough. It's the live men that worry us. What are we going to do with some of the live men? And we will tell you confidentially, there is one of them we are going to push down a four-story elevator well, if he comes up with the same old bill just once more to-day. Then you can take what is left of him and go on with the discussion of your question.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"LOOK HEAH, boss," said a negro prisoner to the jailer, "I doan' think it's right ter put us members ob de church in heah wid dese sinners. Here I's 'long side ob a man what never 'fessed 'ligion. It ain't right, and dar oughter be a law in force agin it."

"You were put in here for stealing a cow, I believe," said the jailer.

"Dat ain't de p'int said. It ain't right ter make me 'sociate wid de unrejuvenated."

"Well, worry along with the sinner a week or so, and we'll send you to the penitentiary, where the society is better."—*Prison Record.*

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